

A heath near Forres.

[Thunder. Enter the three Witches]

- **First Witch**. Where hast thou been, sister?
- **Second Witch**. Killing swine.
- **Third Witch**. Sister, where thou? 100
- **First Witch**. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:—
'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger: 105
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
- **Second Witch**. I'll give thee a wind.
- **First Witch**. Thou'rt kind. 110
- **Third Witch**. And I another.
- **First Witch**. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card. 115
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine 120
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Second Witch. Show me, show me. 125

- **First Witch**. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[Drum within]

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come. 130

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine. 135
Peace! the charm's wound up.

[Enter MACBETH and BANQUO]

- **Macbeth**. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Banquo. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire, 140
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women, 145
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

- **Macbeth**. Speak, if you can: what are you?
- **First Witch**. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
Second Witch. All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, thane of Cawdor! 150

- **Third Witch**. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!
Banquo. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner 155
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not, 160
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

- **First Witch**. Hail!

- **Second Witch**. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail! 165

- **First Witch**. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

- **Second Witch**. Not so happy, yet much happier.

- **Third Witch**. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! 170

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king

Stands not within the prospect of belief, 175

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish]

- **Banquo**. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

- **Macbeth**. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Banquo. Were such things here as we do speak about? 185

Or have we eaten on the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner?

- **Macbeth**. Your children shall be kings.

- **Banquo**. You shall be king.

Macbeth. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so? 190

- **Banquo**. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

[Enter ROSS and ANGUS]

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, 195
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make, 200
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Angus. We are sent 205
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor: 210
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

- **Banquo**. What, can the devil speak true?

Macbeth. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes? 215

Angus. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both 220
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.